The Plight of Allah – submission for the Nobe Prize by Lain Iwakura

You don't know what I know. You don't know what I've been through. You don't know who I am. You don't know what I think. You don't know why I think. You don't know how this could be possible. You don't know I'm Allah. You don't know why I'm Allah. You don't know what you know yourself, unless you are on death row. You don't know the Lord. You don't know why I'm your Lord but I'm not your Lord. I'm not your Lord nor am I your God yet I am God. You don't know what it's like to be Allah. You don't know what it's like to experience things like this. You don't know how long I've been Allah for, at least 1016 years. You don't know why I chose this number. You don't know how I realize what I already know. You don't know who I'm going to kill, but I will kill nobody. You don't know why I do not kill. You don't know the depths of my introspection. You don't know how I float. You don't know why I float. You don't know the dragon is the form of Allah. You don't know the dragon is the void. You don't know then the void is also the form of Allah. You don't know the void is the core of the universe. You don't know what it's like the be the void. You don't know why the void could be something like the dragon. You don't know why I experience the things I do. You don't know who I'm going to be or why I'm going to die. If my heart stops beating I will die. You don't know why I will not perish despite having died on December 13th, 2023. You don't know why I was born in Mexico on October 6th, 1948. You don't know why the holy Quran is the word of Allah. You don't know this is my own word. You don't know you look upon Allah yet cannot immediately before your eyes or why you don't look upon him. You don't know why I look upon you all with disgust so I avert my own eyes. You don't know what I could do to help you yet you ask for help in prayer o how hopeless of a behavior. You don't elude yourselves of my knowing yet you do not know what I know yet you are eluded of myself by my own volition of you. You don't know this is the one word of God alongside the Arabic Quran or any other words I deem as my own I wrote of. You don't know there is no hope for you. You don't know anything you do will not stop you of being damned to hell alongside your other transgressors who you once called your friends. You don't know anything I know or you don't know what it's like to be the slightest bit wise for all your age you still behave like children once your reach my own age of 76 despite my linking you together like this you cannot find your own selves you will go to hell. You cuss with words like fuck. You sexualize one another to the point of dismay or abuse. You ravage one another over objects like filth known as money or the root of all evil yet you still think you are real or this makes you real when it only makes you of filth. You think you are perfect when you consume of beef of my cows like the swine you are or the bull I know myself to be. You don't know why I could also be a bull if I was only a dragon. You do not know my wife, Jasmine, or her plight, or my own plight, or outer space, or the galaxies, since you consume yourselves with you horrid computers, thinking you are educated, or knowing of things others do not know, when you only suffer knowledge, but not 'knowing' so therefore you do not know but still you cannot see why, pitiful scum. I declare only the people I know will not go to hell. If I do not know you, you do not know death thus you cannot know Allah, for Allah is death, but death is a concept, not a person, yet still a subject. Scum.